

Dartmouth Park is the singlehanded creation of 87-year-old Leighton Dillman. Without him, can "Dillman's Park" survive the vandals and developers?

by Ralph Surette

An old man's magnificent obsession

Dartmouth Park is far from being the best-known park even in Halifax-Dartmouth. A bleak high ground behind the Dartmouth library overlooking the harbor, it has been hacked out of 17 acres of slate and thornbush. Yet Dartmouth Park has a national reputation — and a very special one among those who cherish urban parks.

Hundreds of people drive past it every day on Windmill Road and Thistle Street. Yet only a few, likely, know the story. Those who do generally call the place "Dillman's Park."

Leighton Dillman is 87 and ailing now and only shows up at the park for a planting whenever someone donates a tree. But through a remarkable obsession that has lasted a lifetime, Dillman has virtually singlehandedly created Dartmouth Park with its rock flowerbeds, rock walls and other features.

Dedicated gardeners are not uncommon. What sets Dillman apart from the rest is the spirit in which he has labored. He has worked without compensation. In fact he has spent thousands of dollars of his own money building the park — including setting up a trust fund for its future upkeep. He has either built and paid for or coaxed and cajoled others into building and paying for about a mile-and-a-half of rock wall plus footpaths and the wrought-iron fence around the park. Not to mention landscaping, flowerbeds, hundreds of trees and dozens of shrubs, nearly all of which he has planted himself and cared for with extraordinary perseverance.

He isn't looking for personal recognition. "Never mind me, young fella," he says. "If there's anything you can do for the park, do it." But recognition came anyway. In 1982 he received the Gover-



FLORIAN KUCHUR/AMERICAN GEOGRAPHIC

nor General's Conservation Award for his contribution to "the highest sustainable quality of human life." He got a plaque and a trophy although, typically, he says, "Why didn't they send a tree instead?" He has also been written up in such publications as the *Reader's Digest* and *Canadian Geographic*. This spring or summer the Dartmouth Kiwanis Golden K Club (the seniors' branch) will establish a bronze plaque set into a granite boulder which will read: "In honor of J. Leighton Dillman, a citizen who for 25 years unselfishly donated his time and money to the development and beautification of this park."

The 25 years is the time since his retirement as a nursery gardener. But it began long before that. He lived on Windmill Road as a child and picked wildflowers for his mother on what was then only scrub land. Then, 50 years ago, he proposed to civic officials that a Dartmouth public gardens be created there. "They told me we couldn't have it because Halifax had one," he bristles. "What kind of an answer was that?"

His involvement continued to increase. Eventually he became a sort of unpaid director for the park, with the city parks department giving him a free hand to do what he liked. After his retirement he would take the early bus out of home at Eastern Passage and spend the day at the park, from spring through to autumn.

I visited him one morning at the park a couple of years ago when he was still actively working. He was full of joy and pain — both deriving from the same source, the park. Wearing a yellow raincoat and sou'wester he called his "Joey Smallwood dress suit," he was in great humor. A small bird, a redpoll, had returned to its habitual stand of birches for yet another year and that brightened his day. His mien, however, sombered at the mention of certain subjects. Building his park had not just been a matter of work. It had also been an endless struggle against two permanent enemies: vandals and developers, whom he generally mentions in the same breath.

The park backs up against the playing fields of Bicentennial Junior High School and Dartmouth High and the adjacent cemetery — places for nocturnal mischief. Rock walls are knocked over, trees are uprooted, flower beds are dug up. "The vandalism is something fantastic," he says. "There are walls in Scotland built 200 years ago that are as good now as they were then. Why can't we have that here?"

He worries about the rock walls especially now that he can't work any more. "The kids knock the top rock off. And nothing's been done to repair the walls since I left. The problem is that it's not every Tom, Dick and

Harry who can build a wall."

Keeping up with the vandals has been an arduous affair. "I went to the bush one time, got 26 trees and planted 'em. Then one night I come in and they're all gone. They built a teepee with them. So the old man trudges into the woods and gets 26 more. Why, I planted one flower bed five times before it finally grew."

He gave me a nudge and a wink. The point was that it finally did grow. He had beaten the vandals. "Those kids finally said 'that old man got ahead of us,'" he exclaimed, glorying in his own staying power.

No park in the country has been so lovingly created by one individual in the face of such adversity

Development too clouds his existence. The city tourist bureau, the Sportsplex, the schools, the Dartmouth Shopping Centre — all have been built on what was once 300 acres of common land first surveyed and granted in the mid-1700s at the same time as the Halifax Commons. "Seventeen acres is all we have left. We should hang our heads in shame — the guys who went before and those who are there now."

Dillman has also always been prickly towards the city. City parks employees were always somehow either planting flowers in the shade, pruning the next year's bloom off shrubs or doing all manner of things wrong. Or the city was simply not lavishing the attention on his park that he thought it deserved.

"Look at that!" he shot out as we walked about that morning. "Truck tire tracks. You wouldn't see that in Point Pleasant Park."

The Halifax parks have remained a sore point in his life because they get the attention he has always wanted for the Dartmouth Park. "Of course, you say, this is not the Public Gardens... well, we have the setting. The Public Gardens, it's just like a billiard table — it's flat!"

Indeed, Dartmouth Park is far from being the Public Gardens. The rock gives it a wild look, and blueberry, bog

laurel and other wild brush grow on some of the steep slopes. But Dillman has a philosophy. He means to enhance nature — not to turn it into a billiard table. "Mother Nature is the master landscaper," he told me. "Man is just a sculptor."

Although "sculptor" seemed like a peculiar self-image for a gardener, in fact Dillman's long struggle has been primarily with rock — the rust-colored slate from which he hacked the walkways, using the stone to wall the flowerbeds.

Dillman has spent many thousands of dollars over the years — starting seedlings in his own basement, paying people just to clean up and the like. He raised the money, he says, by selling land — lots of land — that he had bought cheaply in his younger days. He had also set up three trust funds of a few thousand dollars each — a greenhouse fund, a tree fund and a fence fund — to keep things going after he was gone. He decided recently to consolidate them all in one fund for the fence — to start its upkeep in the year 2000.

Dillman worries about the future of his park. But he does have friends. Mim Fraser is chairperson of the Dartmouth Commons Committee, which was set up to protect the park and a bit of extra commons land still left, mostly behind the Sportsplex. In spite of city policy to preserve commons land "there's always been this encroachment all the time. It's like anything else in Dartmouth — you never know what the hidden agenda is."

The city sees the park as a low use one — which is why it has never received the attention Dillman wanted. People have moved to the suburbs, say city officials, and the parks around the lakes have received the attention. Mim Fraser disputes that, saying there are lots of times when the park is full — especially with kids. She underlines its potential as a downtown park overlooking the harbor — a choice spot that showed its worth when the Tall Ships were here last summer.

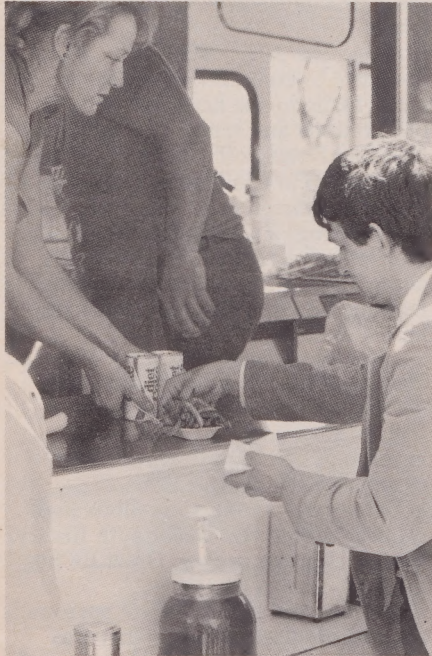
Fraser's group even suggested that committee keep up Dillman's work on a volunteer basis. But that, it seems, is too tall an order. Dillman's care and professionalism are too much for volunteer amateurs to replace.

The future of "Dillman's Park" may well be uncertain without Dillman. Mim Fraser hopes that his national reputation will shame the city into keeping it up if it gets run down or if there's development pressure.

But whether or not developers and vandals get it in the end, one thing seems certain — no park in the country has ever been so lovingly created by one individual in the face of such adversity. **C**

The politics of sidewalk peddling

Sidewalk vendors have created an uproar along Spring Garden Road. Noon crowds love the quick, easy lunches, store owners hate the competition and congestion, peddlars are fighting for space and politicians are trying to referee the whole thing



FRANCIS MORAN

Chips from Bud: making hay in the sunshine

by Francis Moran

After shivering through the winter, Larry Chippin can appreciate summer heat more than most people. The soaring temperatures and long, sunny days draw larger crowds into Halifax's downtown streets and that translates into higher sales for Chippin, who's been selling jumbo, all-beef hot dogs from a small, propane-fired cart for more than a year now.

He spent a cold winter manning his cart outside the Misty Moon on Barrington Street, shivering in the cold winds to sell cheap, hot snacks to the late night rock and roll crowd. He says he had a profitable winter and is looking forward to a busy summer, the best season for street vendors.

But just as surely as summer means

more business, it also means stiffer competition and additional attempts by the city and some conventional merchants to regulate Chippin — who runs a two-cart business called Student Vending — and almost 70 others who were licensed to sell from the sidewalks last year. The cackle of opposing opinions and conflicting proposals at a recent public meeting in city hall proved no one is happy with current rules governing street peddlars. But nobody has a solution that is acceptable to all parties.

Restaurant owners are complaining that street vendors not only cut into their business but that they have an unfair advantage because they don't pay occupancy taxes or many of the other overhead costs of running a permanent, year-round business. Spring Garden Road merchants gripe that the vendors crowd the sidewalks, endangering pedestrians and annoying customers. The vendors themselves acknowledge that more regulations are needed, particularly rules to enforce health standards, to govern where and when they can sell, and to control competition.

Last year, huge crowds poured into Halifax for the Parade of Sail and Pope John Paul's visit and more than 70 vendors were licensed by the city's board of health to sell food. The licensees included 39 mobile canteens, 15 pushcarts and 16 food shop trucks selling fruit and vegetables. Although fewer are expected this year, battlelines are already drawn for what is becoming an annual war between vendors and merchants.

"Through the years, Spring Garden Road has become the most charming pedestrian street in Halifax and it's being destroyed by the incredible amount of street vending that's now taking place," says Peter McDonough, a lawyer who represented the Spring Garden Road Merchants' Association at the public hearing. "I'd hate to be a person in a wheelchair or a blind person trying to get down Spring Garden Road on a sunny afternoon."

McDonough admits vendors can add color, character and convenience for shoppers and the lunch-time crowds. "But they also add noise, congestion, smell and danger to the downtown," he says. The merchants' association wants vendors banned along the busy carriage trade street, at least between the Lord Nelson Hotel and Barrington Street.

Alderman Don LeBlanc, whose opposition to street vending even extends to newspaper boxes, says he wouldn't go quite as far as the Spring Garden Road merchants and ban street vendors outright. "If we want a bit of a honky-tonk appearance to give the impression of a fun area, that's fine," he says. "I've suggested that maybe we

should allocate areas so that tourists can take advantage of little kiosks." Those areas, LeBlanc insists, would be a far better option than having a proliferation of street vendors spoil the effects of the millions spent to revitalize the downtown.

Bud True was one of the first vendors in Halifax and his "Bud the Spud" chip wagon has become a popular lunch-time fixture in its regular parking spot in front of the public library on Spring Garden Road. Politicians like Prime Minister Brian Mulroney have made a point of stopping at Bud's during campaigns. Far from wanting to move to a "vendors' corner" like LeBlanc envisions, True wants the city to allow vendors to bid for specific spots for their businesses. Naturally, he says people like him, who have been selling from the same location for years, should be given preferential treatment when the spots are tendered.

True, Chippin and other vendors also want the city to regulate their competition. Chippin has proposed a regulation that would prohibit any vendor from setting up within 25 feet of a store, restaurant or another vendor selling a similar product. Chippin and True suggest sharply increased licence fees — perhaps as high as \$1,000 instead of the current \$180 — would discourage fly-by-night vendors and give the city funds to monitor sidewalk businesses more effectively.

Chippin does not buy the argument that vendors enjoy an unfair advantage because they pay no occupancy tax. "If you own a store, you pay substantially more overhead," he concedes. "On the other hand, you have substantially more benefits. You don't have your customers getting rained on, snowed on and frozen."

Right now, the vendors say, the rules governing their trade are, as Chippin put it, "unliveable." But LeBlanc holds out little hope that either their concerns, or those of the merchants and restaurant owners, will soon be laid to rest. "The city will bark, and talk and pontificate and the peddlars and the vendors will come back," he says. As long as there is a demand for what the vendors are selling, their chip wagons, hot dog stands and ice cream carts will pull up to curbs or stop on sidewalks and open for business. By way of compromise, LeBlanc suggests that "the merchants of Spring Garden Road in particular should work with these people and try to accommodate them and make them part of the whole scenario."

Until that compromise takes place, or the rules of the game are finally changed by city council, Chippin, True and the others will continue to make hay while the sun shines, selling snacks to all comers. **C**

A June feast — Metro on the brink of summer

*Why should the tourists get it all?
Some tips for Metro residents on
what to do, where to go for the
delights of summer*

by Gordon Thomason

Who needs plastic fantasies or blistering inland heat? This is the best of times in the best of places — Metro on the brink of summer! Fog notwithstanding, the delights that inland tourists pay good money to see are yours more or less free.

Where to begin? In the mind, perhaps, where may be found motivation to leave the usual groove and explore. If Point Pleasant Park is your habitual summer haunt, hop the harbor and check out Shubie Park. If you've seen the marvels of the

Maritime Museum of the Atlantic once too often, soar off to the Shearwater Aviation Museum, the Halifax Police Museum (by appointment only), the Navy Museum on Gottingen Street . . .

There's more than parks and museums. There are all kinds of marvels which you can see by horse-drawn carriage, helicopter (yes helicopter — leaves the waterfront heliport opposite the Brewery), water tour, bus tour, car or on heels and soles. Check out the water tours in particular. Halifax is getting a bit of a reputation for those.

Next time you're in the Nova Scotia Museum (1747 Summer Street), pick up a copy (\$1.00) of *Animal Signatures* then go tracking the animals in the various parks. You should also pick up the information sheet *City Trees*. Ask about the guided tree walks.

The Halifax Field Naturalists is a group of people with a mutual interest in botany of Nova Scotia. They organize outings to explore such areas as the Cole Harbour Heritage Parkland, Point Pleasant Park, and to wilderness areas. If you would like to join one of their trips, inquire by calling 429-4610.

Even if you can only get away for an hour or two, stroll through some green and pleasant parkland. Find time to relax and have a little snooze in the sunshine. If you can't relax, start a

petition to have ghetto blasters outlawed. Don't forget your animal and tree guides.

We all know Point Pleasant Park — 186 acres on the nose of the peninsula with nature trails, wide open spaces, Black Point Beach, a canteen, old fortifications, the Prince of Wales Tower and, if you need it, the No. 9 bus to get you there. We also know The Commons and the Public Gardens and the summer delights thereof. There's more, much more — some of which will be new even to old-time Metro residents.

Seaview Park is so new you've probably never even heard of it. It starts just under the Murray MacKay Bridge and consists of 11.6 acres of reclaimed waterfront property. The ideal viewpoint for the Naval Assembly later this month.

Williams Lake for hiking, swimming, picnicking. About 3.5 km from the Armdale Rotary off Purcell's Cove Road.

Chocolate Lake. When it's so hot you have to cool down, this is where many Haligonians head for. Also playgrounds and tennis courts. Near Armdale Rotary off Herring Cove Road.

Shubie Park in Dartmouth is, in addition to being a great place to go for a day's outing, a registered campground with 46 serviced and 28 unserviced sites. There's supervised swimming, fishing, hiking trails, play areas and tennis courts.

McNabs Island. The ferry *Vera III*, starting at Historic Properties, will cruise you over. You can wander at will, or take a guided tour. Great beaches. There's a tea house, plus plenty of room for picnics.

Dartmouth Park. Marvellous high ground behind the Dartmouth library, overlooking the harbor. Great on hot days.

Sir Sanford Fleming Park surrounds the famous Dingle Tower that was built to commemorate the meeting of the first legislative assembly in the British Empire. If you climb the 122 steps of the tower you can enjoy a breath-taking view, that is if you have any breath left.

Hemlock Ravine Park is a little bit of wilderness in the city. This was where Prince Edward and the lovely Julie St. Laurent made sweet music together way back in the late 1700s. Bedford Highway past Birch Cove.

Flyn Park is located off MacDonald Street, not far from the Armdale Rotary. It is a landscaped waterside park, with trees and grass, a wading pool and a playground for the kids.

Fort Needham Memorial Park is just north of Gottingen, with the easiest access off Union Street. The Fort was originally built to commemorate the victims of the great Halifax Explosion of 1917. **C**

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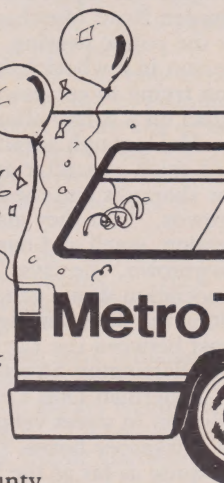
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GADABOUT

ART GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. June 13-July 28. Main Gallery: *The Prime Ministers: William Ronald.* A painting exhibition portraying an artist's interpretation of 16 Canadian Prime Ministers from Sir John A. MacDonald to Pierre Elliott Trudeau. The paintings each differ in size and technique and are a response to the personality, rather than the appearance of the men. Organized by Ronald G. Atkey, P.D., Q.C., Toronto. June 13-Sept. 1. Second Floor Gallery: *Portrait Painting.* Sixteen works by 12 artists, the exhibition includes a recent Joshua Reynolds acquisition depicting the founding of Halifax. Also included are early 19th century Halifax portraits by post-Reynolds commissioned artists Robert Field and William Valentine, a 16th century Lombard Angel, and images through to the mid 20th century. 6152 Coburg Road. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30

p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., 12 p.m.-5:30 p.m.

Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. College of Art & Design). June 11-21. Gallery II: *Gerard Collins*, portrait paintings. June 11-15. Gallery III: *James Robson*, jewelry. June 18-22. Gallery III: *Daiv Mowbrey*, paintings. June 25-July 12. Gallery I: *Medrie McPhee*, paintings. June 25-29. Gallery II: *Alex Busby and Helen Sadler*, drawings, video and prints. Gallery III: *Gord Laurin: Recent Work*, sculpture. July 2-6. Gallery II: *Mark Whidden and Andrew Short*, installation. Gallery III: *Mark Cowden*, installation. 1891 Granville St. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; closed Sun. & Mon.

Eye Level Gallery. Continuing to June 15: *Monique Desnoyers*, installation. 1585 Barrington Street, Suite 306. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 12 noon-5 p.m. Closed Sun. & Mon.

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. June 6-July 7. Downstairs: *Traces*, Pat Martin Bates, Victoria, and Marlene Creates, Ottawa. Upstairs:

Primer for War, Jamelie Hassan, London, Ontario. Bedford Highway. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m.; Tues., 9 a.m.-9 p.m.



IN CONCERT

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. June 5-7: *The Rise and Follies of Cape Breton*, 8:00 p.m. June 12: *The Temptations*, 6:30 & 9:30 p.m. June 13: *Mary O'Hara*, 8:00 p.m. June 15: *Edgett International Showcase*, 8:00 p.m. **Dunn Theatre**, presented by the **Scotia Festival of Music.** June 4, 8:00 p.m.: *J.S. Bach's Birthday Party*, with

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The B W V 1985 Society presents **BACH 300** — a series of concerts celebrating 300 years of the music of J.S. Bach, featuring David MacDonald, organist. June 23, 8:00 p.m.: First Baptist Church, Oxford Street. This program includes a Trio Sonata for organ together with some of Bach's finest instrumental chamber music, perhaps even a Brandenburg concerto. Guest harpsichordist is David Sandall.



THEATRE

Neptune Theatre. June 6-8 & 13-15: *The Sorcerer*, presented by the Gilbert and Sullivan Society of Nova Scotia.

CLUB DATES

Teddy's, piano bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. To June 29: *Kim Bishop*. July 1-13: *Alan Fawcett*. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-1 a.m. Happy hour, 5-7 p.m. *The Village Gate*, 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. June 3-8: *Armageddon*. June 13-15: *The Aviators*. June 20-22: *Mainstreet*. June 27-29: *Tense*. July 4-6: *Track*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

CITYSTYLE



A glance at the sweet and the sour of Halifax

Saying goodbye, conventional wisdom has it, is the hardest part of leaving. Don't believe it — the hardest part of leaving is packing all those things that somehow weaselled their way into your home and figuring out how to ship them across the country.

After spending much of my life in and around Halifax, I've finally plucked up the nerve to stuff everything I own into boxes and head West. Maybe I'm doing it backwards. Just at a time when other Maritimers are returning from Alberta because there's no work, my wife and I are moving to Calgary because we both managed to find jobs there.

My arrival in Halifax was memorable — aboard an old ocean liner in the middle of an early winter storm. My parents dragged me and my siblings across the ocean because they thought their opportunities looked better here than in England, where the job market was locked up and the economy was starting a massive deterioration.

I was quite unused to winter and, like the thoroughly sensible child that I was, I refused to wear socks, shoes or boots because I'd found them to be unnecessary encumbrances when we lived in Singapore. My poor mother was utterly horrified to find me frolicking barefoot in the drifts. They didn't find my footwear until spring.

My working life in Halifax started at Dalhousie University, after I graduated from art college. I had a wonderful job as a janitor: it allowed me to read to my heart's content and taught me a proper respect for the working class. The pay, however, was nothing to write home about. So I left for journalism school.

Several years later, after a stint with Truro's *Daily News*, I landed a job with that well-known Halifax institution, the Halifax Herald Ltd. But before they would allow me back into Halifax I had to spend several months in the Truro bureau of *The Chronicle-Herald* — the reasoning, apparently, was that anyone who could survive working with the gruff bureau chief from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. could probably handle the cut and thrust of journalism in the city.

When I finally did get back to Halifax, I was assigned to cover city hall which at the time was being run from the mayor's office by another Halifax institution — Edmund Morris. My first day on that job was right after Morris had won re-election by a landslide. With about 90 minutes before deadline, I was told to get a story about just what he planned to do during his term.

When I landed in his office, Morris tore a strip off me about three feet wide because I worked for *The Mail-Star*, which, he said, had just tried to do a hatchet job on his election campaign instead of providing balanced coverage. His wrath, he explained as he raged, was directed not at me, but at the paper and the reporters who had just been pulled off the beat. But it was something to behold anyway. There's nothing like being handed a scorpion.

Soon after that, a union drive started in the *Herald* newsroom. Eventually managing editor Bill Smith caught wind of it and started firing anyone he suspected of having union sympathies. The air was thick. When the fired reporters and editors called a news conference, Smith summoned me to his office. Because I had signed a union card, I expected it to be my last day on the job. Instead he sent me to cover the news conference, which turned out to be totally bizarre. The only journalists who would speak to me were the people Smith fired. The others ostracized me, assuming that I was pro-management because I still had a job. No one bothered to ask.

In the end Smith had to leave the *Herald* and the union did not get in. The union drive had been directed at him and the issue was job security. When he left the tension in the newsroom died, but it took some time.

And in the end I left the *Herald* in search of wider horizons. Besides, they wanted me to go to work at 4 a.m. to help crank out *The Mail-Star*. I hate getting up early.

With the skill acquired from years of practice, I jumped straight from the frying pan into the fire and took a job — on monthly retainer no less — with *Atlantic Insight*, which shortly thereafter proceeded to go straight into

receivership. That helped precipitate our decision to leave Halifax.

My wife was also facing employment difficulties. She will soon be a lawyer and if there's one thing Halifax doesn't need right now it's another lawyer. Of her 63 classmates who have stayed in Halifax, only a third have found work lawyering. The rest, like many other Nova Scotians, face glum prospects with no work and a high cost of living.

That high cost of living was another factor in our decision to leave. The long-awaited offshore bonanza was once held out as the cure for our economic ills. Not only has it been slow to materialize, but it seems to have pushed up the cost of living. Landlords, hoping the oil barons would move here, started billing apartments as "executive suites" and charging appropriate rents. The oil barons never arrived and the rents never dropped.

Moving, we have reasoned, will expand our horizons. Living in another part of the country will help us purge ourselves of the regional parochialism that all Canadians fall victim to. But in the end the decision was more pragmatic than profound — we can both work and, hopefully, prosper.

So now it's just about time to leave and there are hundreds of things I'm going to miss, like browsing through magazines in Atlantic News, or walking along Spring Garden Road, through the Public Gardens and the Camphill Cemetery, or the zoo that Argyle Street becomes on a hot summer night, or watching ospreys, sea otters, seals and herons along the edges of the city that are lapped by the ocean. The list goes on.

But more than anything else, I'll miss the people — our families, all the friends we've made over the years, and the people we never did meet. People are what make this city interesting, lovely and liveable.

It turns out that leaving is the hardest part of saying goodbye. **C**

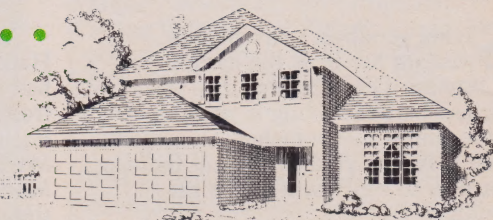
Jon Handforth is an editor at The Calgary Sun.

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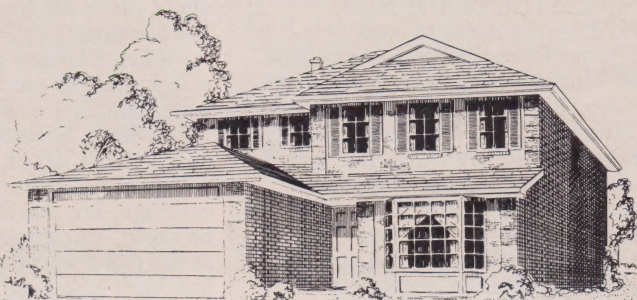
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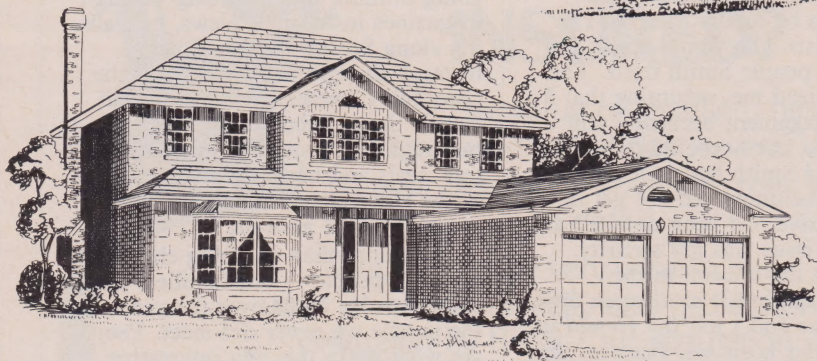
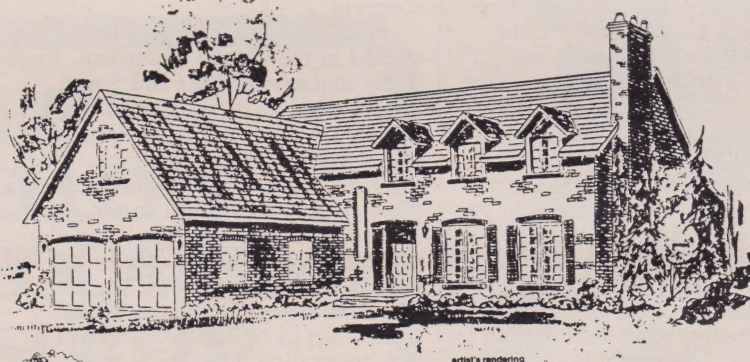
Building Options

Use our full realty service in the selection of a homesite, a custom home design, a custom builder, a financing plan—or—in the choice of your own architect and builder.



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Clayton

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